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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Negro Funeral.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church
decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window
came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder
quickly grew,
Till I found myself envied in a little
negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow,
nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a
child.
I could picture him when living—curly
hair, protruding lip—
And had seen, perhaps, a thousand, in my
hurried southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing
arms of Death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow
with his little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more
sympathy profound
That was in the chain of tear-drops that en-
clasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little
wooden desk,
With a manner grandly awkward, with a
countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his
Ethiopian face,
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed,
undying race.

And he said: "Now, don't be weepin' for dis
pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done
gone and run away!
He was don't very fine, an' he 'preciate
your love."
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de
large house up above.

"Now, He didn't give you dat baby, by a
hundred thousand mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an'
He lend it for a while!
An' He let you keep an' love it till your
heart was bigger grown,
An' dese silver tears you 're sheddin' jes de
interest on de loan."

"Here's yer oder pretty chilren!—don't be
making it appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'noplized by dis
little fellow here!
Don't pile up too much your sorrow on dese
little mental shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're
no account demselves."

"Just you think, you pooh, dese mournahs,
your 'nuff long o'er sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's
got to-day!
Your good faders an' good moders crowd de
little fellow round,
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Planta-
tion Ground."

"An' dey ask him—'Was your feet sore?'
an' take off his little shoes,
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an'
dey say: 'Now, what de news?'
An' de Lawd done put his tongue loose; den
de little fellow say,
'All our folks down in de valley tries
to keep de hebbently way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de
pretty things he view;
Den a tear come, an' he whisper—'But I
want my parents, too!'
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy
a little song
Says, 'If only dey be faithful, dey will soon
be comin' long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will prob-
ably be worth
Sev'n times as much as any you could buy
for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big schoolhouse,
widout no contentment or fear;
While dere's no end to de bad things might
have happened to him here."

"So my pooh dejected mournahs, let your
heart be full deus rest,
An' don't go ter criticisin' dat ar One w'at
knows de best!
He have sent dem comforts—He have
right to take away
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and
ever!—Let us pray."
—Will Carleton.

STORY TELLER.

SAVING THE EXPRESS.

"Well, Kent, I guess we can spare
you for a couple of weeks, if you
would like to take a vacation," said
the General Manager of the C., D. &
P. Railroad.

Kent Ballard was night telegraph
operator for the C., D. & P. road,
in the big terminal station at Chi-
cago. He was eighteen years old, and
as bright, capable and faithful an em-
ployee at the company had in their
entire system. As the General
Manager came and leaned over the
window-shelf of the telegraph office,
with his pleasant announcement,
Kent looked up gladly and gratefully.

"I would like a little outing, sir,"
he said, "if it is perfectly convenient.
It's been pretty steady work the past
year; and I must confess that I am a
bit tired. When can we spare me,
sir?"

"Day after to-morrow, if you wish.
We will have a man at our disposal
then, and can put him on your work
for a couple of weeks. Have you any
idea what you would like to do, or
where you would like to go—any
vacation plan in which I could be of
assistance to you?"

Kent hesitated a moment. "I have
had a plan in my mind for some time,
sir," he said at length; "but I hardly
dare to mention it, even now. It
would be asking a great favor of the
road."

"Out with it, my boy!" cried the
General Manager. "If it doesn't in-

volve us too deeply in financial em-
barrassment,"—and he laughed good-
humoredly—"I can promise you it will
be granted."

"I want to make a trip over the
road in a locomotive," said Kent.
"I should like to go clean to the Pa-
cific coast, if there is time. If I
could venture to ask you for permis-
sion to go out and back with the en-
gineer of one of the overland
expresses—"

"Why, of course you can, my
boy!" exclaimed the General Man-
ager. "Say no more about it. Make
all your preparations, and come to
my office to-morrow for your pass
and written permit, in case anybody
should dispute your right of way.
I will speak to Mr. Faley, the engineer
of the midweek overland, and he will
be ready for you on Thursday's out-
bound trip."

"Thank you, sir—ever so much!"
cried Kent. "It will be a great
pleasure to me, and I shall never for-
get your kindness."

Kent Ballard told his mother next
morning that his pet vacation pro-
ject was to be realized. "I have
always longed to cross the Rockies
and see the Pacific," he said, "and
now, if you can spare me for a couple
of weeks, mother, I am off. Fred and
George will take good care of you.
They have had their vacation already,
you know."

On Wednesday, Kent went up to
the general manager's office and got
his pass and permit. "I have also
reserved section twelve in the sleeper
for you," said the general manager.
"You will want a good, comfortable
bed at night, you know. Here is
your ticket. And as for your meals,
get them in the buffet car regularly.
The steward understands."

"Oh, sir! you are too kind!"
cried Kent.

"No, I am not!" laughed the man-
ager. "A man can't be too kind—
it's impossible. You must remember,
too, that you have served us faith-
fully in a difficult and responsible
position for three years. Well, good-
bye to you, and a pleasant trip."

The mid-week overland express
pulled out a ten o'clock on Thursday
morning with Kent Ballard in the cab
of the big mogul locomotive. "Our
first run will be express for fifty
miles," said Mr. Faley, the engineer,
"and you will have a good chance to
see how No. 312 behaves."

It was a trip full of profit and de-
light to the young telegraph operator.
He was fond of machinery, and the
mechanism of the engine proved a
most fascinating study, as they whirled
along over the rails. Then the
ever-changing scenery; the bustling
cities and towns along the routes; the
big rivers over which they steamed
on spider-web steel bridges; the wide
level prairies, across which they raced
at whirlwind speed, occasionally sight-
ing a herd of deer or frightening a
flock of prairie chickens—all these
things made an endless programme
of interest and pleasure for Kent
Ballard.

Then what a thrill passed
through him when at last they came
in sight of the towering Rockies, with
their terraced foothills, like Nature's
doorstep to the threshold of the
mighty range.

So far the overland express had
whirled on its long western trip,
without the slightest adventure.
There had not even been an hour's
delay. The train was sharp on time,
and, if everything went well the jour-
ney would be completed in twelve
hours. They had now reached the as-
cending gravel over the foothills, and
were slowly crawling upward toward
the pass, between the great snow-cap-
peaks, through which they were to
gain the Pacific slope. The scenery
was indescribably grand, and Kent's
eyes never wearied of feasting upon it.

"Oh, my mother could only see these
grand mountains!" he thought. "And
if I ever get promoted to a good
salary she shall!"

Nine hours passed, and at length the
great engine with an almost human
sigh of relief, stopped, panting on a
side track at the Summit Station of
the "divide." A train of flat cars,
loaded with stone, and drawn by two
locomotives, was slowly puffing up
the western grade. The express had
to wait on the siding until this
freight train should pass and leave the
main track clear. While they were
waiting, Kent Ballard left the engine
and took his seat on the near platform
of the last car, where he could look
back at the grand snowcapped moun-
tains they had just passed.

The heavy freight train struggled
up the grade, until it had passed the
lower end of the siding, and then
stopped at the water tank on the

main track. A few minutes later the
express pulled out, and the switch-
men again set the main track open.
Kent remained on the rear platform
of the train, looking back at the
mountains. Presently he saw the
freight train endeavor to start up
again. The engines backed a trifle,
and then as the car brakes were re-
leased, went forward with a jerk.

Kent Ballard suddenly jumped to
his feet. What could it mean?—the
train seemed to be backing down the
heavy grade after the express, in-
stead of going straight ahead. But,
no! the engine and the main part of
the train were going the other way.
Then the startling truth flashed upon
the young man. The jerking start of
the heavy engines had broken the
train in two, and the rear part of it,
without a brakeman aboard, was run-
ning wild down the steep grade after
the express.

What was to be done? Fortunately,
Kent Ballard was not one to be
easily confused in an emergency.
He was noted for always "having his
wits about him." Plainly, the first
thing to do was to warn the engineer
of the express. But this must be
done without alarming the passengers
and throwing them into a panic.

Some persons would have been just
foolish enough, on making the dis-
covery, which Kent had, to run back
through the train, crying: "Get
ready to jump for your lives! There
is a runaway freight train on the
track behind us!" But Kent did not
even hurry through the cars on his
way forward to the engine, lest he
should thereby excite the suspi-
cions of the passengers. Even the
brakeman did not suspect any danger
from his actions as he passed through
the train. But as soon as he reached
the baggage car, where the conductor
was sitting, he motioned the latter
to follow him. Rushing to the for-
ward platform, he climbed on top of
the tender and shouted:

"Faley!"
The engineer did not hear at first.
"Faley!"
The man turned quickly.

"Crowd on steam! That freight
train has broken in two and is chasing
us down the grade!"
"Good God!" exclaimed the conduc-
tor, who had followed Kent out on
the platform of the baggage car. "Let
her out, Faley! I will go back and
signal you from the rear car."

The conductor disappeared, and
Kent crawled over the tender into the
engine cab. Faley had already "let
her out" as much as he dared on so
steep a grade. Presently, however,
came the clear signal of the conduc-
tor's bell—"More steam!" Faley's
hand was on the throttle, but he hesi-
tated. "It's worse to jump the rails
than to be overhauled on the track,"
he muttered. "But here goes! I'm
in this cab to obey orders."

He threw the throttle wide open,
and the great engine rocked and
plunged at more terrific speed down
the sharp incline.

"Those stone cars must be terribly
heavy," exclaimed Kent.
"Yes: how many of them broke
loose—do you know?" asked Faley.
"Not exactly," replied Kent; "but
I should say four or five."

"Enough to smash the whole ex-
press to bits!" muttered the en-
gineer. "It's curious how much faster
a loaded freight car can travel, on a
down grade, than a locomotive, even.
Seems to get a greater momentum.
Good heavens! he wants more steam!"

The conductor's bell clamored its
signal twice. Faley threw the thro-
tle wide open. "There," he exclaim-
ed; "if that doesn't save us, it will
smash us!"

Kent Ballard had been thinking
very hard for a few minutes. A pro-
ject was forming itself in his mind.
Suddenly he grasped the engineer by
the sleeve, and asked eagerly:

"How far ahead is the next station?"
"About five miles."
"Siding there?"
"Yes."
"Telegraph operator?"
"Yes."

"Good! I have a plan. Let me
work the whistle. I'll signal them!
What is the name of the station?"
"Mineville."

Kent Ballard grasped the whistle
cord. In sounds corresponding to
those of the Morse code when ticked
out by the instrument, he signalled:

"Mineville! attention!"

After a few seconds' pause, he re-
peated the call. "How far are we
from the station now?" he asked.

"Between three and four miles,"
answered the engineer. "You can
calculate a little more than a mile to
the minute."

Kent repeated the call once more,
and allowed a pause of ten seconds.
Then he telegraphed, by sounds—

"Open the siding, quick!"

Then a pause of ten seconds, and
again—

"Open the siding!"

The station was now in sight.
Men were running to and fro in front
of it.

"I've telegraphed them to open the
siding!" shouted Kent in Faley's ear;
for the train was roaring and thunder-
ing on at a terrible rate of speed.

"And sure enough, they've done
it!" exclaimed Faley, shutting off
steam and setting the air brakes.
"The signal says 'siding open.'"

You've either killed us or cured us—
depends how close behind the freight
cars are."

It was a minute of terrible sus-
pense. The express, its speed slacken-
ed just in time by the terrible air
brakes, glided on to the siding.
Would there be time to throw open
the main track again, before the run-
away freight cars came on?

"Jump!—we've done everything
we can," cried Faley to Kent and the
fireman, as the express stopped on the
siding. Even as they jumped, there
was a roar like a thunder peal on the
right side of the engine, and a dark
shadow passed with the swiftness of
lightning.

It was the runaway freight cars,
thundering by on the main track! The
station master had thrown open
the switch rod and closed the siding;
just in time.

It was not long after this experi-
ence that Kent Ballard got his promo-
tion; and the next time he visited
the Rockies, it was as Assistant Gen-
eral Passenger Agent of the C., D. &
P. Railroad. On the trip he brought
his mother with him in a Pullman
car.—James Buckham.

The Curse of Liquor.

One of the vilest habits that can
enthral a man is the drink habit.
What a fearful record it has made!
What desolation it spreads through
the land! That which is divine in
man it will debase, degrade and
imbrute. Nothing good can be said
of it. The late John B. Gough used
to tell this story:

"A minister of the Gospel told me
one of the most thrilling incidents I
ever heard. A member of his con-
gregation came home for the first
time in his life intoxicated, and his
boy met him upon the doorstep, clasped
his hands, and exclaimed, 'Papa
has come home!' He seized the boy
by his shoulder, swung him around,
staggered and fell in the hall."

That minister said to me: "I
spent the night in that house. I went
out, bared my brow that the night
air might fall upon and cool it. I
walked up and down the hill. There
was the child dead! There was the
wife in strong convulsions—and he
was asleep." A man about thirty
years of age asleep, with a dead child
in the house, having a mark upon his
temple, where the corner of the mar-
ble steps had come in contact with
the head when he swung him around,
and a wife on the brink of the grave.

"Mr. Gough, said my friend, 'I
cursed the drink.' He told me I must
remain until he awoke, and I did.
When we awoke him he dashed his
hand over his face and exclaimed:

"What is the matter?" Where
am I? Where is my boy?
"You cannot see him."
"Stand out of my way; I will see my
boy." To prevent confusion, I took
him to the child's bed, and as I turned
down the sheet, and showed him the
corpse, he uttered a wild shriek:

"Oh! my child!" That minister said
further to me one year from that date,
he was brought from the lunatic
asylum to lie beside his wife in the
grave, and I attended his funeral.—
Selected.

Two Boys.

The late ex-Governor W. W.
Holden started in life as a printer's
devil. One cold morning the boy
was delivering papers, and at a rich
man's mansion he was invited into
the dining room to warm himself by
the fire. A handsome college boy
on a visit to the family was sitting at
the table, and when the little devil
left him comfortable and happy youth
handed him a buttered biscuit.

Young Holden walked off eating his
biscuit, envying the college student,
and feeling very blue.

Time brings wonderful changes.
Thirty years later the boy who gave
the biscuit was defeated for governor
by the bare-footed lad who received
it.

When Chauncey Depew Was a Little Boy.

"When Chauncey Depew was a
little boy," is a beginning almost as in-
teresting as the title of a story-book.

Every boy has heard of Mr. Depew
and is proud of him as a statesman
and as the president of one of the
largest railroad companies in the
world. And every girl has heard of
his amiability on social occasions and
of the great readiness he has in mak-
ing after-dinner speeches. But very
few have any idea of Mr. Depew as a
little boy. He is such a great and
good man that he seems always to
have grown and never to have known
the temptations and willful inelina-
tions of other children. Yet, if you
will talk to Mr. Depew he will tell
you how very near he came to miss-
ing his great vocation as one of the
country's statesmen, and to settling
down at a kind of work for which he
would not have been fitted. The De-
pew family have for many, many
years owned a large farm up on the
Hudson River, and there it was that
the little Chauncey was born and
grew into big boyhood. When he
got to be fifteen or sixteen years of
age, Chauncey made up his mind to
settle down and be a farmer for life.

But his father did not want him to
do farming. A farmer's life, he said,
was a very honorable one, and that
many boys who are in the city at
work would do well to go back to the
farm for a good living and pleasant
occupation.

"But," said Chauncey's father, "I
have a fine law library, which I wish
you to use, and, besides that, your
family for generations have been law-
yers, and, in my judgement, you are
best fitted to follow the law."

"But I don't want to be a lawyer,
father," said Chauncey, "I hate
books, and I want to be a farmer."

"Very well," said his father,
"you may try real farm work for
three days and see how you like it."

"The first day Chauncey heeded po-
tatoes, side by side with the hired
man, and thought it great fun; and
when it came night he told his father
that he was more than ever inclined to
stick to the farm for life. The second
day, his father sent him to work
hauling stumps out of a lot that had
to be cleaned before things could be
planted on it, and, by night, Chauncey
was so tired that he could not eat his
supper. The third day, he was set at
work picking stones out of a lot that
was altogether too stony for use, and
by the time he had picked up stones
for ten hours, Chauncey had given up
all ideas of being a farmer."

"I guess I'm not strong enough to
be a farmer, father," he said; "it's too
hard work. I am so tired that I don't
believe I will get rested for a week.
The son of the hired man, who worked
along with me is not tired at all; so I
guess I'm not made of the right stuff
to be a farmer. Get out the law-books
father, and I'll be the very best law-
yer that I can."

That is the way "our own Chaun-
cey" came to be a lawyer instead of a
farmer.—N. Y. Ledger.

Good Manners For Young People.

Be your natural self and take no
thought of the consequences. Other
people don't observe you half as much
as you imagine. In a crowd, the
truth is, you are likely to be forgotten,
to pass unnoticed. Of course, if you
are not rich enough to dress as the
society of the rich requires, keep out
of that society.

You can find your place, and you
will enjoy it more; may, you will enjoy
it only, for in the other you can have
no pleasure at all.

Many young people are distressed
because they fear may they not make
an exhibition of themselves in society
which presents their real value. They
are troubled lest they shall be
misunderstood, put down lower than
they belong, not rated high enough;
hence they make an effort to convince
those whom they meet that they are
of some consequence. But all is a
waste of energy, of thought, anxiety
and ambition. It fails of its purpose,
and is likely to produce the very effect
which it seeks to prevent. It gener-
ates a self-consciousness which
breeds embarrassment in turn, and
consequent inability to make the
desired revelation and create the
hoped-for impression.

Learn to forget all about yourself,
how you appear, what other people
may be thinking about you, and then
they will see you as you really are, and
you are a far more engaging and
interesting individual than you can

be when thoughts of the show you
are making of yourself destroy
natural mien and expression.

Civility never goes amiss. A young
girl who looks on old married men as
not worth her consideration or her
gracious courtesy, is likely to find out
that she has made a sad mistake. A
young man who has no attentions to
bestow on women who have passed
the age which he thinks alone is
attractive, may find that he has lost
valuable allies in his career.—Canada
Presbyterian.

Wonderful Insect Vitality.

It is a standing puzzle to be en-
tomologists how frail little insects of
the mosquito and butterfly order can
brave the cold of an Arctic winter
and yet retain their vitality. The
larvæ of the milkweed butterfly have
been exposed to an artificial blast
sixty-eight degrees below zero.
Taken out of range of this artificial
blizzard and gradually "thawed out,"
this same worm was able to creep in
less than a half an hour afterward.
Butterflies have been found flitting
joyously about in the highest latitude
man has ever penetrated, and the
mosquitos of Alaska and Green-
land are known to be the healthiest
specimens of that race of little pests.

His Time Had Come.

"Is there a man in all this au-
dience," fiercely exclaimed a female
lecturer, "that has ever done any-
thing to lighten the burden resting
on his wife's shoulders? What do
you know of a woman's work?"

"Is there a man here," she contin-
ued, folding her arms and looking
over her audience with superb
scorn, "that has ever got up in the
morning, leaving his poor worn-out
wife to enjoy her slumber, gone quietly
down stairs, made the fire, cooked
his own breakfast, sewed the miss-
ing buttons on the children's clothes,
darned the family stockings, scoured
the pots and kettles, and cleaned and
filled the lamps, swept the kitchen,
and done all this, if necessary, day
after day, uncomplainingly? If there
is such a man in this audience, let
him rise up. I should like to see
him!"

And in the rear of the hall, a
mild looking man in spectacles, in
obedience to the summons, timidly
arose. He was the husband of the
eloquent speaker. It was the first
time he had ever had the chance to
assert himself.—The Messenger.

Hereditary Deafness.

Mr. John W. North, Supt. of the
Manchester (Eng.) Adult Deaf and
Dumb Institute, has furnished the
following, in response to the question,
"Are the children of deaf parents
similarly afflicted with deafness?"

"Not as a rule, by any means; but
still exceptional cases have occurred
where the children of three or four
generations have inherited the af-
fliction of their parents. My experi-
ence is that to find the child of mutes
to be a mute is very exceptional
indeed. Professor Graham Bell, of
Washington, is a great advocate of
the prohibition of the intermarriage
of deaf-mutes. Personally, I think
it is the best possible marriage they
can contract. In Stockport I can
cite a case where parents who are
both deaf and dumb have three as
bright, intelligent speaking children
as ever lived. It may also be named
that the mother had four sisters and
three brothers also deaf and dumb.
I gave evidence before the Royal
Commission on this subject. I believe
now, as I said then, that this
as well as other afflictions is the off-
spring of unions of too close relation-
ship, and in this view I am supported
by statistics. As I said in a letter
to a local paper some time ago, a
glance at the general report of the
census proves the contrary to Profes-
sor Bell's theory. In 1871, in Eng-
land and Wales, there were 572 deaf-
mutes per million persons enumerat-
ed; and ten years later, on the census
being taken, there were 578. Now
as it is an undoubted fact that deaf-
mutes mostly intermarry, if the
hereditary theory were right, there
would be a far larger increase in pro-
portion than this shows. I think the
slight increase there is, is simply ac-
counted for by increased longevity.

—The Canadian Mute.

Meaning of the Various Colors.

White was the emblem of light,
religious purity, innocence, faith, joy
and life. In the judge it indicates in-
tegrity; in the sick, humility; in the
woman, chastity.

Red, the ruby, signifies fire, divine
love and loyalty. White and red
roses express love and wisdom. The
red color blood has its origin in the
actions of the heart, which cor-
responds to, or symbolizes, love. In
a bad sense it corresponds to the in-
fernal love of evil, hatred, etc.

Blue, or the sapphire, expresses
heaven, the firmament, truth from a
celestial origin, constancy and
fidelity.

Yellow, or gold, is the symbol of
the sun, of marriage and faithfulness.
In a bad sense yellow signifies in-
constancy, jealousy and deceit.

Green, the emerald, is the color of
spring, of hope, particularly of the
hope of immortality and of victory,
as the color of the laurel and palm.
Violet, the amethyst, signifies love
and truth, or passion and suffer-
ing.

Purple and scarlet signify things
good and true from a celestial ori-
gin.

Black corresponds to despair, dark-
ness, earthliness, mourning, negation,
wickedness and death.

COLUMBIA'S BANNER.

"God helping me," cried Columbus
"though fair or foul the breeze,
I will sail and sail till I find the land
beyond the western seas!"
So an eagle might leave its eyrie, bent,
though the blue should bar,
To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an
undiscovered state and fears.

And into the vast and void abyss he
followed the setting sun;
Nor guile nor guiles could fright his sails
Till the wondrous quest was done,
But Oh, the weary vigils, the murmuring,
torturing days,
Till the Pinta's gun, and the shouts of
"Land!" set the black night ablaze!

Till the shore lay fair as Paradise
in morning's balm and gold,
And a world was won from the conquered
deep, and the world was old!
Uplift the starry banner! The best age
is begun!

We are the heirs of the mariners whose
voyage the world was done.
Measureless lands Columbus gave and
rivers through zones that roll,
But his rarest, noblest bounty was a New
World to the South and North!

For he sailed from the Past with its stifling
walls, to the Future's open sky,
And the ghosts of gloom and fear were laid
as the breath of heavens went by;
And the pedantic and the lordling's
seems were lost in that vital air,
As fogs are lost when sun and wind sweep
ocean blue and bare;

And Freedom's larger knowledge
dawned clear, the sky to span,
The birthright, not of priest or king, but of
every child of man!

Uplift the New World's Banner to greet
the exultant sun!
Let its rosy gleams still follow his beams as
swift to west they run,
Till the world and air rings with shouts and
hymns to welcome it shining high,
And our eagle from lone Katakhdin to
Shasta's snow can fly!

In the light of its stars and fold on fold
is flung to the autumn sky!

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1892.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the price of ten cents a line.

THE trite saying that "it never rains but it pours," is illustrated by the misfortunes of Mrs. Maggie Gresham, of Junction City, Ky. Her ten-year-old son was recently run over and killed by a railroad train, and a few days ago, her house and belongings were consumed by fire. Here is a case deserving of sympathy and substantial assistance.

THE editor of the Dakota *Banner* contemplates going on a wild-geese chase. This is somewhat refreshing after the infliction of rainbow chasers that the recent election campaign forced upon us. However, as Bro. Taylor will carry a double-barreled gun along, he may bag a few feathers; for geese are mortal and a shot may hit them—you can not always miss them if you try.

THE Arkansas Institution, through the *Optic*, announces with honest pride the completion of two carved panels for the interior decoration of the "Woman's Building" of the World's Fair. The work was executed by Miss Mattie Tallant and Master Omar Smith, pupils of the Arkansas Institution, and is mentioned in the *Chicago News* as follows:

Still another story comes with the Arkansas contribution. It is a fine design, conventional oak with exquisite traceries and tendrils, and was carved by Miss Mattie Tallant of the Little Rock Deaf and Dumb School. The donor is a protégé of Mrs. Eagle, wife of the Governor.

An excellent program of monthly lectures at the teachers' meetings throughout the school year at the Indianapolis Institution, has been sent us by an unknown friend. The topics are of a practical and progressive nature. One of them, especially, will bear discussion in all schools. It is to be presented by Dr. Latham, and is entitled "Training the Ability to Think." The pupil who is observant and thoughtful, is never far from the head of his class.

THE Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, situated at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., has been again made the recipient of a legacy, this time the amount being \$2,500. The legacy comes from the late Mr. George S. Stringfield, who was a member of the Executive Committee of the Home, and a warm friend of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet for more than a quarter of a century. He also bequeathed \$2,500 to St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. Mr. Stringfield took great interest in Dr. Gallaudet's work among deaf-mutes. He was well-known by several deaf-mutes of this city, and they will grieve to learn of his death. His life was pure and blameless, and he was in every respect a true Christian gentleman.

NOTICES.

Deaf-mutes and their hearing friends are invited to attend service at St. Ann's Church, 18th Street near 5th Avenue, N. Y., next Sunday, November 13th, at 11 A.M. The service and the sermon by Rev. Dr. Krans will be interpreted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

At 7:30 P.M., that day, the service in St. Mary's Church, Alexander Avenue and 142d Street, will be interpreted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

The annual sale in aid of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes will be held in the basement rooms on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 15th, 16th and 17th, from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Edward Whalen is making elaborate preparations for his first annual "Parlor Party." It will be held in the Guild-rooms of St. Ann's Church, W. 18th Street near 5th Avenue, on Tuesday evening, November 20th. The proceeds will go to the Gallaudet Home for the aged and infirm deaf-mutes. Admission is twenty-five cents. Hand-some prizes worth many dollars will be awarded by Mr. Whalen freely to the winners of games, including "Dumb-Band." Refreshments will be freely served by Mr. A. A. Barnes, who will have some prominent gentlemen to make speeches.

ROUNDOUT NOTES FROM NEW ENGLAND.

This is sad news, indeed, which we hear about winsome Helen Keller. Her mind has broken down at last, like the fabled pitcher at the well, from excessive training. She is at her distant Georgia home, a mental wreck of her former self. She no longer takes any interest in her studies, refuses to receive or answer letters from her dearest friends, and will not touch her type-writer at all. She talks of nothing but death, death, and death, all day long. It is a clear case of over-education, and the reaction has come. Her teachers aimed too much at effect, and taught her French and poetry and what not, and they have succeeded in wrecking one of the loveliest of God's creatures. No words can be too severe for such a willful abuse of a precocious child's mind. "Hasten slowly" should have been the motto of her teachers. It is hoped that a complete rest this winter will restore her broken mind and spirits, a hope in which the whole world will join. God grant it.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was the guest of Rev. Mr. Searing for a week. He gave a lecture on "Death," at the Gallaudet Society, on Wednesday evening, and was called away to attend the funeral of an old friend of thirty years' standing in New York. He could not, therefore, hold services on Sunday. Many who believe in omens will find food for argument in the lecture and the funeral. He will come again, however.

Rev. Mr. Searing went to the Women's Prison at Sherborn, to preach a sermon, on Sunday. His wife went with him, but it is safe to assume that he won't leave her there—at least not during their honeymoon.

The use of the newly-coined word "Phonetician," from my humble mind, suggests that it would be just the coin of the realm wanted by Dr. Fay of the *Annals*, and Dr. Bell of the *Memoir*, to describe a certain class about whom the only thing that can be said is that they are deaf, and no more. A semi-mute, strictly speaking, (here is an unintentional pun) means half or partly mute. Such is its meaning to the world, which knows nothing of the nice distinctions among us. These gentlemen: Messrs. Hodgson and Fox, of New York City, Prof. Hotchkiss, and Draper, of Washington, D. C., Prof. Chamberlain, and Eddy, of Rome, Messrs. Hill, and Tillinghast, of our own State are not partly mute in any sense. They can talk as much as if they could hear, and to call them semi-mutes would not be doing them justice. How many of us have not seen with envy the ease and fluency with which they can carry on a conversation orally? They are much more than semi-mutes, and should receive a different name. The word *Phonetician*, derived as every one can see from *Phonetic*, meaning speech or vocal sounds is offered for them at what it is worth. Prof. Bell's telephone is derived partly from this word *Phonetic*. Any intelligent person will understand what *Phonetician* means. It will speak for itself—another pun?

For myself, (having been two years in an oral school) and hundreds of others in the same boat, the phrase semi-mutes would be all right, as our powers of speech are limited, more or less in different cases. The standard to distinguish this Four Hundred from the less fortunate, ought to be the ability to speak as they write, which will be a sure test. This reminds me of a scene witnessed in the Boston Society one Sunday, and what a "good thing!" Prof. Clarke of Hartford said. Meeting a correspondent of one of the deaf-mute papers, Prof. Clarke extended his hand, but said "Speak," "Speak." The other party said he could not, whereupon he said "Oh! you can write!" The correspondent protested that he could not speak all he wrote, but Prof. Clarke, who was once a teacher of speech and lip-reading, and like all of that class knew no mercy, answered: "My ears will always be open, but my eyes always shut to you; Speak! Speak!" Suiting the action to the word, he shut his eyes, and would not look at the poor deaf-mute, who turned away in despair.

Prof. Clarke's theme was "Lead." He tried to explain the use of that word in the Lord's Prayer. It has puzzled all the wisest men. It is rather out of the way to ask the Lord not to lead us into temptation; that is not in his line. I have seen a better rendering of it in some other bible—"Lead us away from temptation," which certainly is better than that of the old King James Version.

The friends of the college can not agree with Editor Hodgson's statement that its aim is to fit out teachers. If that were all, its existence at such a heavy cost would be wholly unnecessary. Its aim is much broader than that. To fit out the man is its main object, or else why such a long course of different studies? The State institutions could fit out their own pupils for teachers' positions by a special course. I don't believe that more than one-third of the undergraduates either wish or expect to be teachers. A desire to round out their education, a longing to know as much as other men can know, or an ambition to better themselves in the world by a good education, are the ruling motives of all. If there were a technical department in the college

now, all would be eager to learn some trade or specialty for which they are naturally qualified. At present, the teachers' profession seems to offer the only chance for the best salaries, and that is not as it should be. My own views on a technical school were given in my paper at the last national convention in Washington, D. C., and I am very glad to see the active interest taken in it now. I thought the matter was dead beyond recall, but it was only sleeping, and will soon wake up to some definite action. The college will never be perfect until it adopts some means of instructing the hand as well as the head.

The published report of the 25th anniversary of the Clarke Institution, furnishes mighty interesting reading, especially to the Hartford Institute. Let bygones be bygones now, and all pull together. The present principal of the American Asylum is not responsible for the views of his predecessors. He has shown himself very liberal in his own ideas, and it ought not to be held as a crime of the deepest dye against him, that his wider experience cannot induce him to believe that the oral system alone is the best for all. Speech and lip-reading are useful and necessary in certain cases, and ought to have had a place side by side, in all other institutions long ago. The sign system also is indispensable. And now let both systems work together in harmony.

Miss Rogers, indeed, was a woman nobly planned for the work she undertook. In her own quiet way, she overcame obstacles that would have discouraged many a stout-hearted man. She deserves all the credit she is entitled to. Some of her statements are, however, open to criticism. Of that, some other time.

It is to Hon. D. C. Dudley, more than to any one else, that the deaf-mutes owe the removal of old prejudices concerning them. It is due to him that we have "come to be recognized as having an unclouded title to a place in the *genus homo*, and to all the rights pertaining thereto." It is due to him that the education of the deaf was rescued from the same category with paupers and criminals, in this State. It is due to him that schooling is as free to the deaf as it is to their hearing brethren and sisters, without any suggestion of charity about it. Mr. Dudley is too modest to claim the credit that is justly his due. It is the more honorable to him in that he benefited the whole class. The deaf-mutes of Massachusetts are not ungrateful to him, and may be, if some time in the future a memorial to him is started, we will join our orally-taught brethren in contributing to it, with more pleasure than we would to those of other less generous philanthropists who could be named. It is owing to Mr. Dudley's efforts that the words "dumb" and "mute" have been dropped from almost general use. The word "deaf" alone, however, is not perfect, and does not designate us sufficiently, and, until a better one is adopted by common consent, we are forced to use "mutes." Mr. Dudley objects to "institute," and wants "school" used in its place. Why, there are the Institute of Technology, in Boston, and the Polytechnic Institute, at Worcester, all high class, respectable schools, and if they are not ashamed of the word, why should we be? The line of separation between institutes and schools is so thin and indistinct as scarcely to be perceptible.

The Horace Mann School is in politics, but her officers are not in it, and they do not suffer by it. The trouble is between the Republican and Democratic Parties. The school cost \$76,266, but it was all split into 38 different contracts for personal friends and political favors, which was contrary to a city ordinance, made and provided, as most of them above \$2,000 were split into smaller contracts, so as to avoid the law of public advertising for bids and open competition. The school has got the building, and the political quarrel over the spoils is no concern of hers, but \$76,000 for a small day school is rather costly.

Mr. Docharty's lecture on the importance of being able to say No, was well attended. He told short anecdotes and pointed the moral in them.

Mr. Docharty remarked to the writer that this was almost his first lecture, that it was not a story-telling, as from his own experience he found that stories, whether from the pages of history or from fiction, found more favor with the audiences. His own lecture, however, was as good as a story. As to the statement that the deaf-mutes liked a good story better than a dry lecture, who can blame them? I do not. After working hard six days in the week, they need a change from the stern realities of life to the agreeable "stuff of which dreams are made." The tired mind likes to revel in the baseless fabric of a vision.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

Mr. Wm. H. Lane, at Watertown, Mass., has been thrown out of gardening work by the winter, and he has taken the agency of the "Gem Sharper" which sharpens both blades and scissors or shears in two or three minutes. He sells it for a quarter. It is very useful. Mr. Lane will send it by mail to any one who wants it.

FREE LANCE.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Alumni Portraits Wanted.

ANOTHER FOOTBALL VICTORY.

A New Society—Coming Pantomime—Brevities.

From our College Correspondent.

The regular monthly business meeting of the literary society occurred Saturday morning. Several minor matters were brought up and attended to, but no business of special importance was transacted. The president, Mr. De Long, '93, mentioned the fact that portraits of the class of '92 have not yet been added to those already on the walls of the Lyceum, for the simple reason that, with the exception of Mr. Barton, none of the class have sent their photos. The secretary, Mr. Seaton, '93, stated that Mr. Goldberg, '88, has never sent his photo either, although repeatedly requested to do so during the past five years. There being a vague tradition that Mr. Goldberg once patronized a photographer down town, a committee was appointed to go to the city and endeavor to obtain a likeness of Isaac's classic features. A member moved the unfavorable criticism of a recent dialogue, recorded by the secretary in the minutes of the meeting at which it occurred, be stricken out. This brought on a storm of heated discussion, and the atmosphere became quite sultry for a while. The motion was finally put to vote and defeated. The subsequent motion to reconsider was also lost. The next meeting falls due during the Thanksgiving holidays, so it was agreed to postpone it until December 3d.

The second eleven held the lightweight championship of the District last season, and the chances are, they will win it again this year. So far they have not suffered a single defeat; on the contrary, they have rolled up a large score at each game. Their third victory was won Tuesday, when they met the "Capitols," defeating them by a score of 22-0. The second's team-work outweighed the individual playing of the "Capitols," and they had things their own way from start to finish. Murdy, '95, is now captain of the team, Hubbard, '96, having resigned, as he plays on the first eleven. The latter is booked to meet the Y. M. C. A. men on Saturday next. Circumstances make the outcome very doubtful, and it is absolutely impossible to predict, with any degree of certainty which team will win. In all probability, the game will be a hotly-contested one.

The entertainment to be given by the Saturday Night Club on November 23d is now under headway, rehearsals occurring almost every evening. The title of the play is "A Pack of Cards," and from beginning to end is wholly original. It is hoped the performance will prove a success; undoubtedly it will, if those in the cast show sufficient energy and enthusiasm. A number are remarkably good actors and pantomimists, others have varying degrees of excellence. Should it succeed, it is quite probable that it will be repeated for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home. The student body, with a few exceptions, have chipped in liberally. Their contributions will go far towards the success of the play. None of the *Alumni*, except Mr. Regensburg, '90, who sent in a V, have responded to the request for funds. This does not say much to their credit.

The new secret society, the "Imps," has made its debut. The membership is limited to fifteen. The original intention of its projectors was to envelope it with an air of secrecy, but, somehow, this has proven impracticable, for a number of those who are not in it know its nature pretty well. As the aim of the society is a most worthy one, and as it will undoubtedly be productive of much good, it would be no kindness to give it away; hence it is best to let it remain a mystery to the uninitiated.

With great pomp and ceremony, and amid the wildest enthusiasm, a Democratic club was formed Tuesday evening, about thirty members (or more than half of the total number of students) being present. Following in the board of officers: President, Tilton, '93; Vice-President, Odum, '93; Secretary, Hosterman, '93; Treasurer, Rives, '93; Executive Committee, DeLong, '93, Madden, '93 and Brennan, '96.

Fellow McKean, and Sullivan, '96, left for their respective homes the latter part of the week in order to vote for Grover and Adlai. Dr. Gallaudet, also, has gone to exercise his right of franchise.

Professor Gordon has not been able to conduct the recitations of his classes for several days past, on account of sickness in the family, one of his little daughters being ill with diphtheria. It is thought she will soon be convalescent.

Dennison Gallaudet is at home on a short visit, having come to meet his brothers Edson and Herbert, both of whom are regaining the former health. Both Edson and Herbert will leave for Yale in a short time, the latter entering the Freshman class.

The gymnasium opened Monday, and Instructor Adams once more resumed his sway. The free-movement and dumb-bell drills have both been revised; a new vaulting-horse with a pommel added to the apparatus already in the gym, and several other minor changes and improvements made.

The matter of a technical school is receiving considerable attention of late. The subject pops up annually, is argued from A to Z, and then retires into oblivion. No one can doubt that the benefits accruing from such an institution would be immeasurable; that is a foregone conclusion. The real question is, "What are you going to do about it?" So far, the wildest scheme yet advocated is to obtain funds by subscriptions from the deaf at large. No matter how worthy the object, or how urgent the need, it is very doubtful if more than a few paltry thousands could be raised in this way; so such talk is absurd in the extreme. Congress has repeatedly placed the college in straitened circumstances by its fits of stinginess; the chances that it would hand over \$25,000 or more to found a technical school for the deaf in addition to what it annually expends upon the college for that class, are very slim. Diogenes wandered about the streets of his city with a lantern, searching for a man; were he to use the strongest light of modern times, it is far from probable that he would run across some good-natured philanthropist who would settle the difficulty by taking hold of the matter and footing the bills. To expect private philanthropy to carry out the project is enough to make a horse smile with derision. Philanthropy is at a discount in this generation. In short, it would seem that although the time has come to found such an institution, the means wherewith to do it are not at hand, so it had best be indefinitely postponed. The annual talking-over the matter receives, will do no harm, however. It purifies the air and gives the newspaper men something to write about.

F. J. B.

KENDALL GREEN, 11-6-'92.

"OLD HARTFORD."

Mary A. Green, the only sister and relative of Eliza H. Green, died Saturday morning, October 29th. Some three years ago she contracted that much dreaded disease, consumption, and, though she had the best of medical care, its progress could not be checked. Through the whole of her long and painful illness, she bore her part with a patience and cheerfulness that excited the admiration of all who knew her; and when she was conscious that the end must come, she was resigned to her heavenly Father's will. As before stated, having no living relatives, except a deaf sister, her care and support during her helplessness naturally fell upon Eliza. Nor did the latter shirk her duty, but on the contrary, did everything that a devoted sister could possibly do, even going so far in the matter as to sacrifice her own personal needs, that the last days of the sick one's sojourn here on earth might be made comfortable and happy. The funeral service conducted by Rev. Joseph H. Twichell and interpreted by Mr. Abel S. Clark, took place at the Pearl Street Church Sunday afternoon, October 30th. The interment was at Cedar Hill Cemetery, and the pall bearers were Messrs. W. P. Williams, Fay, Clark and Crane.

Probably no school for the deaf in our country upon to give as many public exhibitions of school-room work as ours, and, therefore, the duties of the principal are proportionally greater. This is accounted for by the fact that our school receives its patronage from all the New England States, six in number, and every year the Governor and Council of Maine and Massachusetts, and a legislative committee from the latter states, and occasionally the authorities of the other states, make it their duty to inspect in detail its inner workings. These exhibitions, however, are always cheerfully given, for to us they are like the casting of bread upon the waters, for verily do we receive back the fruits of our labors in the shape of new additions to our classes. The latest of these visits was made Thursday, October 27th, by the Governor and Council of Maine. The party consisted of fifteen persons, about one half of whom were ladies. They were first shown through the shops under the escort of Principal Job Williams, Messrs. Jenkins, Clark and Fay. Here they were much interested in everything, and expressed their admiration at the fine work, many of the boys were turning out. They were next shown through the dormitories, the dining and study rooms, and other places of interest, while the boys were attending to their toilet. When all the pupils had assembled in the chapel, the party took seats upon the large platform, where they could get a full view of all of them. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the usual morning service was omitted, as was also the usual speech-making on the part of the visitors. The pupils from Maine were summoned to stand in a row before the visitors, who having been given their names, expressed their delight at seeing bright, happy and intelligent faces, in contrast to the dull, ignorant and gloomy ones, which they were before entering our school. Then was begun the examination into the several classes, which included Written Language, Geography, Arithmetic, History, Speech and Lip-reading. We have not the time and space to go into details on the merits of this examination, but suffice it to say that

the pupils did remarkably well, and the visitors left well-pleased, with what is being done here for the "children of silence" of the Pine Tree State. The Committee on Public Charities of the State of Massachusetts, are expected to take their turn some day this month, and due notice will be given in the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* of the event.

Mr. James M. Allen, who had the misfortune to disjunct his hip by a fall from a ladder, while picking apples a year ago this season, still walks with much difficulty. His advanced age is supposed to be the cause of the slow healing of the wound, though he may never be able to dispense with his cane. We are told in the Bible that it was fruit that caused the fall of mankind, so even to this day it is the means of causing many a bad fall alike to the old, the young and the poor; yet we must have our fruit come what will. By the way, Mr. Allen is now making Hartford his home, having taken board with a private family on Buckingham Street. He is a regular attendant at our Sunday services. But Mr. Chas. Dougherty beats us all in that line, for his presence at our services are as regular as clock-work. The good, genial fellow! May he live to a ripe old age, is the wish of his numerous friends.

Our school had a pleasant visit from Miss Sarah W. Storrs, of Long Meadow, Mass., for a couple of days last week. She does not look a bit older now than she did when she was teaching among us some twenty-two years ago. On the contrary, she is just as lively and as full of mirth as of yore. Indeed, she seems to live according to that maxim set down by Solomon thousands of years ago: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

As was stated in a former letter to the *JOURNAL*, the number of new pupils coming to our school in September was unusually large, and the services of Miss Lucy Williams, sister of Principal Job Williams, have again been enlisted to assist in teaching.

We clip the following from last Friday's *Evening Post*:

DEATH OF W. H. WILEY.

William H. Wiley, of the firm W. H. Wiley & Son, has been seriously ill the last few days with inflammation of the stomach complicated with Bright's disease, and died at 3:30 this afternoon. Mr. Wiley who recently passed his seventy-first birthday was born in Massachusetts. He was the first manufacturer of overgaiters in the country and carried a large and constantly increasing trade, supplying not only the United States army with leggings, but filling many important state contracts as well. He has been a leading member of the Asylum Avenue Baptist church, and his many noble qualities made him many friends. Indeed, it has been said of him that he had not a single enemy.

Mr. Wiley leaves a wife, a daughter, the wife of E. C. Frisbie of Talcott, Frisbie & Co., and five sons: E. N. Wiley, of Webster, Wiley and DeKrode, Chicago; Lyman A. Wiley, secretary of the Chicago and Gas Company; J. A. Wiley who was associated with him in business here; L. G. Wiley of Hartford, of Daniel & Wiley, printers; and Clarence H. Wiley, who is with the Orient Insurance company.

Mr. Wiley was formerly the master of our shoe-shop, and was a great favorite with the old graduates. He was well conversant with the sign-language, and was always happy to meet and talk with his deaf friends. Since entering into business on his own hook in this city, he has given employment to a number of deaf persons, which shows that he takes a warm interest in them. Mr. Henry M. Fairman has been with the firm for a long period.

SCRIBE.

PHILADELPHIA.

The members of All Souls' Church enjoyed a Hallow Eve party, given by the Pastoral Aid Society, in All Souls' parish hall.

Apples were fished from tubs of water, and caught, when suspended by a string, by the teeth. Voting contests at a penny a vote, and hunting for hidden nuts, whiled away the evening. Mrs. Durian, Messrs. Zeigler, Jones and Gunkel, were prize winners.

Mrs. Mitchell held the lucky number in the guessing contest, and carried off a gold ring.

The proceeds go to the church expense fund.

A few days ago, the Mutual Deaf-Mute Club elected these officers: President John Tarry, of Upland, Pa., Vice-President Townley H. Monahan, Secretary Herman Hanneaman, formerly of New York City, Treasurer, Albert Schriener, and Auditor Wm. V. Doughter.

The next evening, in this city, one of the pleasantest incidents among recent social happenings, was the crystal wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Leisersohn, at their cozy home. A good many mutes of both sexes were present, and enjoyed it. Several amusing games were indulged in. At about ten o'clock all marched to the dining-room, where a nice collation was partaken of. The reception was very well managed and in the best possible taste.

The presents were: a dozen dessert glass dishes, a fruit dish, a beautiful hanging lamp, from Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Ferral, Miss Mary Miller, and Messrs. Abe Jaggard, J. H. Sands and P. Huster; a photograph, from Miss Schmidt; a cream pitcher and a fruit dish, from Mr. Wm. R. Cullingworth; a pitcher, from Mrs. VanCourt; a butter-dish, from Miss Edna Stevenson; a molasses pitcher, from Mrs. Wm. Stevenson; a fruit dish, from W. G. Pownall; four pounds of granulated sugar, from Mr. H. S. Stevenson; two nice cake dishes; a handsome castor and a vase, from Mrs. J. Syle; and some other pretty gifts which I failed to memorize.

Besides those persons named, there were present: Mrs. W. H. Lipsett and little son, Mrs. M. Paulin, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Oakes, Mr. Bachman and son, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and two children, Mrs. E. Delbow, Mr. J. R. Lewis, Mrs. Geiger, and Mr. Sol. Bacharach. They all voted the party a grand success.

Last Thursday evening, President Thos. Breen explained to the members and friends of All Souls' Club how to vote in the balloting booths. Other members explained other things in connection with the ballot law, and gave some amusing recitations.

Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett has been secured by President Breen, to deliver a lecture before All Souls' Club, next Thursday Eve.

On the 17th inst. Mr. Weed, one of the teachers of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, will lecture at All Souls' Club.

Rev. Mr. Koehler will begin to occupy a permanent home at 4315 Whittier Street, Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, on the 15th inst.

Last Tuesday evening, the Vestry of All Souls' Church held its monthly business meeting in the church. Rev. Mr. Koehler had to leave early to catch a train for Towanda, Pa., where he attended the consecration of a church, and also visited a sick mute and baptized the child of a mute couple. He returned home the next day.

Yesterday afternoon the parish hall of All Souls' Church was almost crowded with mutes, and Rev. Mr. Koehler conducted the Holy Communion with sermon.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. W. C. Shepherd has been and is still sick. Hope she will shortly recover. Her child is doing well.

The mother of Mrs. J. S. Reider came to this town last Thursday, where she is visiting her new grandchild at Mr. and Mrs. Reider's house.

A copy of the first issue of *The New York Herald* is on exhibition in Dr. Houston's drug store in Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. James Alexander Houston, M.D., father of Dr. E. Alexander Houston and Washington Houston, was for many years on the editorial staff of the *Herald*, and was once a stenographer to the U. S. Senate under President Polk's administration.

THE RECORDER.

BROOKLYN NEWS.

MISSION WORK AND PENCILINGS.

Special services, under the auspices of the Archdeaconry of this city, were held in St. Luke's Church, on Clinton Avenue, last Wednesday. A large number of deaf-mutes occupied the front pews. Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and Rev. A. T. Colt conducted the services. Among the speakers were Bishop Garrett, of Texas; Bishop Leonard, of Utah; Bishop Gardner, of Omaha; Bishop Seymour, of Illinois; and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Of the mutes present were Mr. and Mrs. Jahring, Mr. and Mrs. Lobin, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Miss Gantz and sister, Mrs. Kinsey, Mr. Thos. Godfrey, and many others.

Mr. Peter Adler, who has been out of work for over six months, has secured a good job in a big frame factory, through the influence of Mr. A. Riedel.

Mr. A. Reidel received a handsome rocking-chair on his birthday, which took place recently.

Messrs. Brauer, Levy, Valles and Voorhees have tendered their resignations as members of the Brooklyn Society.

Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. D. Frey celebrated the eighth anniversary of their marriage. Many congratulations were sent them.

James S. Orr photographed members of the Brooklyn Society recently.

The Brooklyn Society will give a Christmas Tree entertainment on January 7th, 1893. The Committee of Arrangements are H. A. Schenkerberg, A. McLaren and J. Hollman. Admission, 15 cents. Tickets on sale soon.

The corner stone of the new church of St. David will, ere long, be laid. The foundation is completed.

Mr. J. B. Valles is now in this city on a visit to friends. He will remain for two weeks and then leave for Lynn, Mass.

Messrs. Jahring and Senior went to Mountain View, N. Y., on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. McClelland, lately.

NOTICE.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey, president of the Brooklyn Society, will give a lecture, on "Two Orphans," at the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church on Tuesday evening November 22d, in aid of the Gallaudet Home.

The simple mention of his name will draw a full house, and the lecture is for charity's sweet sake.

Admission will be fifteen cents.

Two deaf-mutes called on J. Stetel, of Kansas City, Kan. They were hunters, and said that they had been with Mr. Cowley another deaf-mute, who accidentally broke his gun, so had to give up hunting, and is working for Dr. Brant of Independence, Mo. The two deaf-mutes contemplate crossing the Rocky Mountains next summer. Mr. Cowley was a former resident of Cleveland, O.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes are grandfather and grandmother of twin boys, born on Wednesday, November 2d. They are very proud of the babies, and bear the new dignity imposed on them with becoming grace.

COLUMBUS.

Prominent Visitors From Colorado.

A FOOTBALL VICTORY.

From our Columbus Correspondent.

During the week, the institution was honored by two of the trustees of the Colorado School for the deaf and blind. On Monday, Col. Bowman put in an appearance, and made the rounds of our school in all of its departments. He made close scrutiny everywhere he went, and doubtless received much enlightenment that will prove valuable to him in the discharge of his duties as a member of the board of trustees of his school.

At the chapel exercises Tuesday morning, he made a short address to the pupils, in which he made reference to visits to the schools for the deaf in Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Minnesota. He thought the institution here, while not containing as many pupils as the Illinois School, was one of the best equipped he had ever seen, and the work that was being done in behalf of the deaf by the State in providing for the means by which they could secure so many advantages.

Tuesday noon, he was joined by one of his colleagues, Mr. Humphries. They attended chapel service Wednesday, and had the lecture interpreted to them by Mr. Odebrecht, after which they were shown through some of the classrooms.

While here, Col. Clark, our superintendent, made them feel at home, and did everything to make their visit pleasant and interesting to them. All of Ohio's great benevolent institutions, located in the city, the Blind Institution, Central Insane Hospital, the largest in the world, and the institution for feeble minded youth, were visited by them with Col. Clark. They left Thursday to visit the Kentucky Institution, and from there, the one at Olathe, Kansas.

The other visitor from Colorado, was Mrs. Brown, nee Brundige, whose home is in Denver.

There are not many persons connected with the Institution now, who knew her first as visitors' attendant, and then articulation teacher, for it is over twenty years ago since she left here. Of these are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson, Misses Feasley, Thompson and Smith, and Mr. Green. Though age has somewhat changed the color of her hair, yet we found her looking remarkably well-preserved yet, and wearing the same sweet expression of countenance she was won't to do when endeavoring to lead her pupils on into the mysteries of articulation. She was chaperoned through the Institution by Mrs. Captain M. C. Lilley and was accompanied by her little daughter.

Base ball and lawn tennis have given place to football. The latter is all the rage now among the boys of the Institution and every day weather permitting there is kicking high and low among the big and little fellows. The club had lost some of its best men by graduating last June, but it hopes are long to make up for it by new additions and practice.

A game was played last Saturday with the East side boys, who greatly outwitted the Independents in strength; but for all they fell a victim to our boys—6 to 0. The game was played in the morning, and consisted of two halves of 25 minutes each.

The Independents were placed as follows: Ohlemacher, right end; Newton, right tackle; Myers, right guard; Reitman, center; Dickey, left guard; Sarber, left tackle; Wasserstrom, left end; Zorn, right half back; Friday, left half back; Frederick, full back; McQuaid, quarter back.

During the game Zorn was thrown down, and in the fall received a severe bruise near the right temple and a bad scratching. He kept on playing, however, through the contest. When it was over, a lump as large as a hen's egg was visible, causing him to wear a bandage the rest of the day.

The Hoy Juniors indulged in a game in the afternoon with some of the smaller boys, and were victorious by a score of 6 to 0.

Owing to the arrival of additional new pupils, it was necessary to start up the 15th Primary Class, and Mrs. Patterson put in charge of it until the return of Miss Saunders, who is still detained at home by sickness.

Miss Doan was called to Oberlin Thursday morning on account of the serious illness of a sister and during her absence Miss Mary C. Bierce will take her place.

Mr. W. F. Sickles who was here last week on a visit to friends, owns and conducts a barber shop in the village where he resides. It is the only one in the place, and he says he has all he can do. Sometimes it becomes necessary for him to hire help, so great is the rush.

Mr. Alonzo Kingry has bought out a drug store over in Grove City, and turned it into a shoe shop. He has purchased a full kit of tools, and proposes to keep the inhabitants of the burg well shod or know the reason why.

The B floor pupils were given their sociable Friday evening, and acquitted themselves in department as well

as the month previous. They enjoyed the *fete*, and only wish such occasions would come oftener. Refreshments were served them at the close of the games.
November 5, '92.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The latest fad, nowadays, seems to be marriage. Possibly owing to its being 1892. At any rate, there have been many pretty weddings among the mutes of this city. Beginning in midsummer and prolonging into the beautiful autumn, when the shady streets, lined with trees, seem to smile and wave their golden leaves in profusion to deck the paths of the happy, blushing brides. We hope their lives will always be so full of sunshine as now, and Nature always look as beautiful to them. True nature is ever the same. Changing her garb for the different seasons, but if we look at it with bright, happy hearts, the sun seems ever shining, though for a time it may be obscure in the cloudy sky.

Then there has been a fair! Though we do not think it quite such a success as the one held on Main Street, some two years ago, the prospects are that before another there will be many two's condensed into one, eh? Rev. Dantzer was here at the time with his wife and little son, which is a most sweet, pretty baby. Many were the hugs and kisses bestowed upon him—the young Dantzer, I mean—by the pretty young girls. "Disappointment" was the title of a play witnessed by some half a dozen mutes the other evening.

It was rumored Ed Whelan, of New York City, was to play at the Guild Room last Thursday eve. A party started forth—regardless of the pouring rain—hoping to procure reserved seats. On reaching the hall, they found all seats were reserved—but for some future time—as the play was being carried on in New York City, at the Guild Rooms there. They peered through the picket fence, but the rusty look only grinned at them in mock defiance, and the church steeple loomed up in the darkness, and even the breezes seemed to whisper "foiled!" If the train had not just puffed out of the depot, I verily believe they would have boarded it.

Miss Tillie Botts, of Tonawanda, N. Y., ten miles from Buffalo, a most energetic little student of Rome, N. Y., was the guest of Mrs. A. Kowald, previous to her returning after vacation. She speaks highly of the school, and she is a most excellent example.

If all their labor bears such well cultivated fruit, it well deserves its good reputation. She is a charming conversationalist, and if her school days to come improves her as much as the past have done, she surely will be a brilliant young lady.

Mrs. Sarah De Shong, nee Whelan, of Union Springs, is visiting her parents, of Arcade, and will on her return home call on her sister, Mrs. Kowald. She has two bright, pretty children, Jay and Carrie, the latter she has with her.

Miss Clara P. Smith's friends are weary watching for her return to Buffalo. Do hurry, Clara, and leave Detroit behind you, for a time at least. It is not fair that western friends should monopolize you. Your eastern ones love you just as dearly.

Mr. August Kowald is anticipating a trip to the scenes of his boyhood days, to spend his holidays. And he justly deserves a little recreation. We wish him a most pleasant trip.

STAUNTON.

"Where There's a Will There's a Way."

HISTORY OF THE VIRGINIA ASSOCIATION.

News Notes.

From our Virginia Correspondent.

STAUNTON, VA., Nov. 7.—The long, chilly moonlight nights of November—the first month of winter—have arrived. The trees have put on their gorgeous robes of red and yellow, and before the end of the month they will stand bare and uninteresting. As we sit in our homes by the cheerful fire, our memories wander back to the bleak, cold days of February, 1891. It was during these days that a certain man sat in his comfortable room, rocking to and fro, and gazing into the red fire on the grate. What was he thinking about? Who was he? John W. Michaels was the man, and he was debating with himself as to the advisability of attempting to gather his fellow deaf-mutes together, and form an association for social enjoyment, and, in short, for their general welfare. His active mind turned the question over and over, and at last he came to the conclusion that "Where there's a will there's a way." So he got his writing materials together, and sat down to write to several influential and intelligent deaf alumni of the Virginia Institution, and asked them what they thought of the idea of calling a convention at some convenient point, to see what could be done. The *JOURNAL'S* Virginia correspondent was among the first to take favorably to the idea, and he at once wrote his paper of the proposed scheme, and named Staunton as the convenient point. But, what then? There was a class of people in the State Institution who, when they heard of the proposed plan, held up their hands in dismay, because the influential and intelligent alumni were thinking of what seemed to them a foolish, expensive, and altogether useless scheme. Then, to the surprise of the alumni in favor of the scheme, there came an article in the *Goodson Gazette* questioning the advisability of the scheme, and stating that the thing could not and should not be carried out at the State Institution, because it would "inconvenience" the management of the school. But, were we discouraged? No! It made us more anxious and willing to work harder for the scheme.

Mr. Michaels then put in some telling lines and gained the goodwill and sympathy of Frank Yates, then editor of the *Goodson Gazette*, and thereafter that journal did excellent work in furthering the scheme.

In May following Mr. Michaels, at his own expense, traveled two hundred miles to Richmond to see what arrangement he could make there for the convention, inasmuch as most of the Institution people still did not consider the scheme practicable. He met discouragement in Richmond to some extent, but succeeded in perfecting arrangements for the convenience of a few, who he believed would attend the convention. Fourth of July was the time set for the assembling in Richmond of those deaf-mutes of the State who had enough intelligence and good reason to appreciate the need of an association of some kind. The outlook for a large gathering was not encouraging. When Michaels arrived in Richmond, Thursday before the Fourth, he found a very few had arrived, but said nothing. But, lo! when Saturday morning came the reading room, parlors and lobby of Ford's Hotel on Broad Street, opposite the State Capitol, were filled with "the merry sign-makers," as a morning daily termed them. Two whole pages of the large register on the cashiers' desk were covered with the names of deaf-mutes from Virginia, West Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and even Arkansas.

When the *JOURNAL'S* Virginia representative arrived by an early morning train, Friday, he was met by "President" Michaels (for it was a foregone fact that Michaels would be the president), who took him into the lobby, and introduced him to the editor of the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*.

And so the first convention of the Virginia Association of the Deaf assembled Saturday morning, in the very house in which such illustrious men as John Marshall, Jefferson Davis, Thomas Jefferson, and others, had spoke, and in the very city in which Patrick Henry had uttered his notable words, "Give me liberty or give me death!" The highest official in the city stood up before the silent (in tongue) assemblage and welcomed them to the city and bade them God-speed in what they were about to undertake—i.e., the forming of an association for social enjoyment, and looking to the future welfare in every way of their class in the proud Old Commonwealth of Virginia.

It was a gala day—a red-letter day for the deaf of the State. And what became of the croakers—those who tried to down and discourage the idea of Mr. Michaels and other intelligent deaf? They were

not present under the excuse of being "busy" or "unable," and the leaders in the movement politely said nothing. A few weeks elapsed, and what then? Those who had discouraged the scheme, and who, when they saw that their advice was not heeded, and their assistance was not needed, had put up the poor excuse of being "unable" or "busy," now came around and attacked the association as being what they called a "failure." But the schedule, as set down by the association's board of directors, was fully carried out, and last August nearly a hundred mutes responded to the call for the second convention of the Association. The "failure" people were present, and solemnly "hoped that this convention will not be a failure." It is useless to say that they had no show at all at the convention, during its two days' session.

But to cut this short, we will clip the following which appeared in a letter from "Jumbo" Jones, of Roanoke, to the last *Goodson*:

What will become of the Lynchburg convention? Oh! it will be all right, and no doubt will be largely attended.

But it is known that some of them (so-called members) are using every effort to cause the Association to be abandoned, and also that they imagine themselves too smart for the other members of the Association. Oh! their advice will never be noticed.

NEWS NOTES.
The venerable mother of Miss M. G. Trout, one of the teachers in the deaf-mute department of the Institution, died Tuesday night last.

Watlie Allen, who left the Institution last session, may soon enter the Kendall School at Washington, D. C. Captain Doyle and son Lou, took a short "autumn vacation" last week. Their intention was to ramble over the mountains for "bear, deer and other wild game," in which this section abounds just now, but owing to large forest fires they had to give up the idea.

Arthur Tucker, ex-Vice-President of the association of Richmond, and S. C. Jones, treasurer of the Association, of Roanoke, expect to spend the Christmas holidays in Staunton.

The Samuel W. Shoemaker Fund continues to grow steadily. More money will have been contributed, however, before he can leave for the Surgical Institute at Atlanta, Ga. Generous-hearted deaf-mutes should send in their contributions without delay and help swell the list.

The nuptials of Miss Alice Bear, eldest daughter of Mr. Bear, of the deaf-mute department, are announced to take place at Elkton, on the 17th inst. The to-be-groom is a rising young lawyer of Shenandoah City, Va.

A recent issue of the *Arkansas Optic* contains the following, which will be read with interest by President Michaels' host of friends in Virginia:

The *Optic* has not been partial in its praises, and does not wish to raise one person alone to fame. We hear that there are envious of the dearly bought eminence that Mr. Michaels has gained, and insinuate that the reason why he had got so much space devoted to him is because he used to room with the foreman. In simple English they tell him to "pull." There is no foundation for this rumor. Mr. Michaels worked hard, and the *Optic*, as a faithful record of all that happens here, simply told what it saw.

But he has a rival. Mr. Michaels unbends at times. For the information of our readers we will remark that Mr. Michaels is one of our old friends who has come back to us. He is also President of the Virginia Alumni Association and is a power in the Old Dominion. His skill as an amateur and professional is well known, and there are very few things that he can not do.

Lawn Tennis is one of the things that we have taken up with a vengeance. It was evident that it interested him greatly, for he hung round and watched the first game he saw closely. It was not long before he knew all about it, and he has since been invited to make a hand, and when he was invited to make a hand, he said: "Watch the Virginia Wizard juggle that ball like a juggler. The ball sailed over the net, and the trees back of the court, so fast that it required two small boys to bring it back."

"Fifteen for me, wouldn't you?" said the sorcerer.
"It is not base ball," said his partner.
"I'll hit him with one next time," said Walter.

He tried it next time, and a great many times, but some way it would not work. At last he decided that the heels of his shoes were to blame, and Mr. Michaels took them off. Still the balls would not go right. If he manages to "hit him just a little" any time soon, we will report it.

The above is a joke gotten up by the witty *Optic* editor at Mr. Michaels' expense.

RITTER.

Samuel Shoemaker Fund.

And still they come! The Samuel Shoemaker Fund is growing steadily. It was the intention to send him to the surgical institute at Atlanta, Ga., the first of this month, but enough money has not been contributed. Many generous and able-bodied deaf-mutes throughout the country have responded to the appeal published some weeks ago in these columns, yet there are many others, who either have not heard or read of this fund, or have heard of it, but have their doubts as to its desirability. The mayor's card published along with the appeal should be sufficient proof.

It is to be hoped that those who have not as yet contributed will do so without delay. Here is a fellow deaf-mute thrown upon the world almost helpless, and it surely is our duty to do what we can to lessen his troubles.

The following are the receipts for the week ending Saturday, November 6th:

Previously reported	\$24 25
P. B. Graves, Virginia	2 00
Mrs. G. W. Stearns, West Virginia	5 00
Misses Bell, Virginia	1 00
W. M. Berkeley	1 00
Albert Balfour, New York	1 00
	\$44 25

W. C. RITTER, Treasurer.
210 Maple Street, Staunton, Va.

ST. LOUIS.

Rev. Mr. Cloud Delivers a Lecture.

A CHAPTER ON PEDDLERS.

Personal Mention.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

The lecture last Saturday by Mr. J. H. Cloud, on "What I saw in Colorado, and the Principals' Conference," was made a particularly interesting discourse by a full description of the picturesque Centennial State with all its wealth of natural attractiveness and rich resources for which it is remarkable. He also delivered a brief history of the aborigines of our country, the Indians, with all of their imperishable customs of living and their fond attachment for buffalo hunting in the West years ago.

The minutes and proceedings of the Principals' Conference was summarily lectured, as was given in the papers. With a few others, he came to Colorado Springs, on the opening day of the convention, but there was nothing transacted on that day, as the trains carrying the Eastern delegates did not arrive till early Sunday morning. The whole day, he said, was abundantly and pleasantly occupied in promenade the beautiful surroundings, a part of which was spent at Manitou Springs, returning home too late for supper, the Institution hosts frankly refusing to serve them another meal. Sunday brought the usual rest and recreation, and on Monday the opening exercises began. He referred to the presence of many distinguished men there, whose names we only become acquainted with through the papers. The discussions of papers and the deliberations they figured in prominently were given, among which was the "technical method." Mr. Cloud has the thanks of many, who after seeing it repeatedly published in our journals, did not understand the meaning of the word till Mr. Cloud clearly explained it. It is the most important and considerable movement of the deaf-mutes to-day. Mr. Cloud announced himself as still in the belief that its location could not be more advantageously situated than a part of the college in Washington. His statement is based on the understanding that should the two institutions be apart, the technical would doubtless get the best of the college, which, unless something unforeseen happens, might go to the wall. Both should be a combination of one school, and then a collapse of either is impossible. He said Chicago, St. Louis or Kansas City, may as well lay claim for its adoption, being centrally located, but it is alone for the above facts that they are out of the way.

He also regaled the audience with a sketch of his trip to Pike's Peak, which was quite indicative of the many hardships persons going up there have encountered. In company with Mr. George and two others, he tramped with very tiresome legs the nine long weary miles that lead to its summit, and was glad to get there in a little more than five hours. His three companions were not with him on the top. They were half-way down on the road "busted," as he called it. Returning he found George, who, with the two others sick, could advance no farther, and the former breaking a bottle of water he had carried to quench his thirst as a sign of his disgust, complained of his increased inability to regain the former control of his legs. But, however, in some way known, only to himself, George got to the top, and has been proud of his achievement ever since. The lecture did much toward the enjoyment of the evening, and a vote of thanks was given him.

An episode of his travels to Pike's was afterwards given by Charles Wolff. It was in June, 1884, when he was sojourning in Colorado in hope of recuperating his health. With a friend as guide, he borrowed a donkey from an old lady, and the usual hardships accorded a traveler in that region were before him. He had to employ every means of cruelty to force the "diminutive descendant of Balaam's belabored steed" to go ahead. He reached the top, and returned down by another way with less difficulty. Some time afterwards the old lady called on Mr. Wolff, and told him the little animal died shortly after he rode him. He held his breath, and offered to pay the lady for as much as he was worth, but she declined to take it. He still holds in repugnant aversion a climb up that "mighty flight of stairs" again.

Robert McGregor's article in a recent issue of the *Register* touching on some good plans for the exclusion of foreign peddlers from our country, is an excellent suggestion. We never knew in our past experience of a foreign peddler ever visiting our city.

We can recollect the peculiar case of Tony Byrnes, a peddler purporting to come from Cincinnati. Possessing all his mental and physical capabilities, he preferred to lead a miserable life by peddling blacking and pencils. The disgraceful manner in which he met his death from the concussion of the brain in falling down a flight of stairs at the hands of an enemy while intoxicated, had without a shadow of doubt reflected much discredit on our club, whose membership the hearing

public from all appearances are deceived to believe comprises every mute, irrespective of good standing in St. Louis. We had decided to run this stranger out of town, by having a petition signed by every club member individually and present it to Mayor Noonan, praying that he hereafter refuse all licenses to able-bodied deaf-mutes to peddle, or give them an hour to leave town. But this famous peddler died before we could accomplish our desire. This was a year ago.

Another peddler, some years ago, was arrested on several occasions for drunkenness and loafing, but was successful in escaping from having the full course of the law inflicted on him. It was his genius with the pad and pencil that the Judge hearing him believed him to be innocent, and he was let go. Still ancient St. Louis is solid with Bob McGregor, and hope his attacks on the invasion of foreign peddlers will be productive of good results.

Little Andy Norris, way down in Arkansas, remembers the club every week with a copy of the *Optic*. He has our thanks.

H. D. Mandeville writes us from Natchez, Miss., that he will be here the latter part of November. He failed to get work here a year ago, and was also sick for some time at the city Hospital.

Austin Baird is wanted by his former friends in Bridgeport, Ill., to come over there and vote with them. They are willing to defray his traveling expenses.

Miss Lillie Koerner's fears that her home may be among the ruins of the late Milwaukee conflagration are suppressed. Word was received of their safety from the fire, and Lillie will return home December 1st.

For some time past several papers have been missed from the file at the club room, and the President was seriously thinking of employing Henry McCamley to hunt up the thieves. Henry is well remembered as having served on the city detective force early in the seventies. He only made one arrest and then quit.

TARNES.

SETTLED.

THE FAMOUS VIETS WILL CASE COMPROMISED ON THE EVE OF TRIAL.

Friday the suit of William A. Viets was at last settled.

Mary Viets died in 1887, leaving a deaf and dumb son and William A. Viets, a second son, who was married but absent in Chicago at the time. The will, a death-bed will, left \$10,000 property in trust with C. F. Boest, a West Side real estate dealer. Viets, on his return, was much incensed, and as time went on without his getting any benefit from the estate, either for himself or his unfortunate kinsfolk, he became morbid and a sort of monomaniac on the subject. He began the suit to set the will aside, and five years passed without his ever being able to get it to trial. Boest had able lawyers, and Viets had several lawyers, first and last. Once Viets shot at Boest in the office of the latter, corner of Pearl and Lorain Streets, but did not hit him. For the shooting Judge Hamilton gave him a year in the penitentiary.

Only a few days ago, Viets raised a disturbance in Judge Lamson's court because the case couldn't be tried then and there, and several days in jail for contempt was the logical result.

At last, on Friday, Judge Lamson reached the case, but as soon as trial was imminent settlement began to be talked. A jury was sworn, but no testimony was taken. Viets was conspicuous by his absence, and at 3 p.m. his deaf and dumb brother and Boest were negotiating through the medium of pencil and paper.

"Later an entry of settlement was made in the case, and all is lovely.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*."

Resolutions from the Boston Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes.

At the special meeting of the Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes last Friday evening, in St. Andrew's Hall, Boston, Mass., the following resolutions were adopted out of respect to the memory of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes of Boston and vicinity, in session assembled, deeply deplores the taking off of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, wife of the President of the United States; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Society tenders its profoundest condolence to President Harrison and his family in this hour of their bereavement.

Resolved, That in Mrs. Harrison's demise the country suffers an incalculable loss. She was an estimable woman, of noble heart and soul, a most affectionate wife, and a loving mother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to President Benjamin Harrison, and spread upon the records of this organization.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE) Committee
GEORGE A. HOLMES) on
ALBERT A. SMALL) Resolutions.
BOSTON, Nov. 1, 1892.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.	
11—7:30 P.M., St. John's, Auburn.	
13—3:00 P.M., Grace Church, Watertown.	
18—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.	
20—10:35 A.M., Trinity, Utica.	
20—3:00 P.M., Zion's, Rome.	
20—7:30 P.M., St. John's, Oneida.	
25—7:30 P.M., St. James, Buffalo.	
27—3:00 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.	

WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

Accommodations For All.

A BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Sensations of the Day—Club News—Sermons.

From our Chicago Correspondent.

Our Eastern brethren are considerably agitated over no apparent provision being made for their board and lodging during the World's Fair. It may please them to know that a reception committee, composed of persons eminently fitted for the position, was appointed over a month ago, and in due time their names will be officially announced. It is probable that this committee will open a bureau of information for the convenience of those who attend the great gathering. The circulars the committee will send out will contain information of the fullest kind, regarding board, lodging, and headquarters, with much more that will appease the most inquisitive of all persons. Estimates of expenses will be included, and for Europeans as well, giving the lowest, fair, and high figures. Most persons have an impression that the hotels and boarding houses will be insufficient to meet the general demand. Letters already received on the subject are very amusing. One deaf-mute writes for a hire of a back yard to pitch his tent. Another "guessed," he couldn't remain long if he had to jostle through the streets," others requested "to look sharp for a house to rent," and so on. Dr. Gillett as an authority said once, "Have no fear, hotels and rooms will be plenty, and cheap, too." The Grand Pacific will be the headquarters of the teachers' convention, and at the same rates now in vogue. Several enterprising deaf-mutes, among whom are Messrs. Sansom and Holmes, have already hung out their shingles, "Rooms for Rent."

Geo. F. Jefferson swore out a warrant for the arrest of Frank Spaulding, of Harvey, Ill., charging him with assault and battery without provocation and the trial is set for to-morrow before Justice Lyons. Many deaf-mutes will witness the proceedings. The fact that the affair took place inside a saloon before a tough crowd of deaf-mutes, takes away all the deserving sympathy he would otherwise have received.

At the monthly business meeting of the club Saturday night, two new applications for membership were received, and a third is on file. Two penitents, Charles and Matthew Schuttler, found it cold standing down stairs. Both will be welcomed back into the fold.

The annual election at the club in December is causing greater excitement among the members than the presidential election on Tuesday. Speculations are rife what members will wear official honors for 1893. Were it not for a general declination among the old officers to run and a wish to see younger ambition to succeed them, it would be easy to conjecture the ticket.

James Gates, of Canada, is sojourning in the city with his brother, who is a horse owner and jockey at the Hawthorne track.

George Morton, the burly compositor of the *Times*, took a run down to Vicksburg, Mich., to see his wife and child.

New officers of the local club, hereafter, on the evening of December 31st will be treated to an "Inauguration Ball," with band and music thrown in.

Souvenir coins of the World's Fair are in great demand. A club of fifty is being made up that the members may the lucky ones.

Mr. W. W. Beadell was a visitor of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Long, of Delavan, last week.

Despite the drenching rain, Dr. Gillett at the Methodist Church and Rev. Mr. Cloud at the All-Angels' Church, drew large congregations. Both left respectively for Jacksonville and St. Louis after the services.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were received into the Methodist faith by Dr. Gillett. Supt. Vaught, of the city school, sat among the congregation.

Louis Lyons, formerly of New York, goes to Texas on a month's furlough, to learn the art of holding "hands up!"

A surprise party is set for next Saturday, but the same evening, a lecture at the club will interfere with a "full house" at the former.

The sensation in local circle, is the separation of a well-known deaf-mute lady from her hearing husband. The wife has returned to her parents. Divorce proceedings are contemplated, and charges and counter charges will be made and great revelations expected. Rumor had it that they lived together "happily."

Mr. Brimble takes a flying trip to Milwaukee on "important business." Members of the National Association and of the Congress will probably receive badges that will entitle them to special privileges denied to others. There ought to be an enrollment committee for the National Association, to facilitate the job of enrolling, as has been suggested. The hall to be engaged for the association should have a gallery, where non-members must sit. This arrangement would win many new members into the association ranks.

RABCO.

FANWOOD.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

The High Class girls had a debate all to themselves in their study-room last Wednesday evening, and we learn that it was a most spirited one, and when you consider that the subject of debate was Laziness vs. Vanity, it is not surprising. The Misses Hemphill and Spahn urged that it was laziness that was the cause of all that goes to make women miserable, and men unhappy, while Misses Caddy and Waidler endeavored to prove that all this evil was caused by vanity. Miss Buss, who is president of the society, acted as judge, and at the conclusion decided that Misses Hemphill and Spahn had won 20 points to their opponents' 6. Our only regret is that we are unable to describe the debate as it was actually given, because boys are barred from their meetings, you know.

The defeat of the Princeton College football eleven by the University of Pennsylvania last Saturday at Philadelphia was quite a surprise to the boys here. Early in the season the wearers of orange and black played such a masterly game, that the boys still think they will defeat Yale on Thanksgiving Day. They attribute to Princeton's defeat more to the strong hurricane-like wind than to the playing of the Pennsylvania boys. To prove this, they say that it was next to impossible for the Fanwood to practice on their ground on the same day. Henry Cohen had his hat blown from the field, and as Henry had to run as if his dear life depended upon it, to catch up with his hat, they think that the University of Pennsylvania were favored by the wind. The game between Yale and the University of Pennsylvania on Saturday, November 12th, is eagerly awaited, and if the University of Pennsylvania are really such a fine team as some take them to be, it is the general opinion among the boys that they will be able to repeat their feat of last Saturday.

The game between the Fanwood and Rosehill, of Fordham College, which was to have been played last Thursday, was postponed till Election Day. An account of it will be given next week.

Hon. Wm. Rhinelanders Stewart, a member of the State Board of Charities, who is on the Committee for Deaf, was here last Thursday. He was on his annual tour of inspection, and will visit each school for the deaf in the State.

Messrs. A. Baxter and M. Glynn witnessed the matinee performance of "Eight Bells" at Columbus Theatre, last Saturday. "Diaphragmatic convulsions" (laughter) oftentimes beset them there.

Mr. Henry Bettels, our champion cyclist, is anxious to learn if any of New York's mute wheelers intend making a trip to Chicago on their bicycles next summer. If any do, he would like to be of their number.

Mr. Jacob Scharlin, who left school about five years ago, came up in a gig to see the boys last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by a party of hearing friends. The boys say that he has greatly changed, and looks much better than while at school.

Arthur Iaquierio played with the Acorn Athletic Club football team on Election Day, and filled his position remarkably well.

H. Probst has received another lump of ore, this time from his aunt. It is said that it is worth about one hundred dollars.

A large number of the advanced boys were present at the "Political Lecture" at Webster Hall, this city, last Saturday evening.

Messrs. Martin Glynn, Archie M. Baxter, Jeremiah L. Hayes and John H. Hogan witnessed an interesting game of football played at the Polo Grounds on Election Day. The contending clubs were teams from Yale and the New York Athletic Club.

Johnny Kaiser, one of our promising young semi-mutes, is the owner of one of the latest indoor game. It is called "Stanley in Africa Game." It is so arranged that two, three or four can play. The implements consist of a board, two dice cups and dice, African hut with bullet, one target and arrow, Stanley Falls with flag staff and one bullet, one figure of Emin Pasha and four of Stanley. The board represents the route pursued by Stanley on Emin Pasha's Relief Expedition, from the mouth of the Congo River to Equatoria and its return to Zanzibar, with the principal stations on the route. The game starts from the mouth of the Congo, advance to Kavallis, rescues Emin Pasha and proceeds to Zanzibar with Emin. The player who first reaches Zanzibar with Emin, wins the game.

Blondin, the celebrated tight-rope walker, who is 68 years old, is still in the business. He has lately been making great success in Europe.

Penny savings banks are connected with the public schools of Belgium, and 170,000 of the 600,000 primary pupils have deposited over 500,000 francs.

In the last century it is estimated that over nineteen million persons have been killed in the wars of civilized countries and 1,200,000 during the last thirty years.

The man who patented the idea of attaching rubber tips to lead pencils realized over \$200,000 by his invention.

The four States in which a majority of the voters are foreign-born, are Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nevada and California.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, an ALPHABETICAL ORDER of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

ALL SOULS WORKING PEOPLE'S CLUB & CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

This club, organized on September 23d, 1893, and reorganized November 28th, 1893, is entirely non-sectarian, and any deaf person over eighteen years of age may join it by agreeing to pay a small sum of money monthly for its support. The purpose of the club is to supplement the instruction received while at school, by a course of lectures and other literary exercises, and the provision of reading matter of a suitable character. In addition, harmless and rational amusements are provided. The club has the use of the guild room in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Franklin Street, above Green. The officers of the club are: Rev. J. M. Koehler, *Ex-officio* Chairman; Secretary, James E. Morony; Assistant Secretary, Wm. McKinney; First Vice-President, Herbert Scott; Second Vice-President, J. S. Reider; Secretary and Treasurer, whose address is No. 1812 Marston Street; Mrs. J. S. Reider, Assistant Secretary; Wm. McKinney, Assistant Treasurer; and Wm. A. Miles, Sergeant-at-Arms. The club rooms are open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

APOLLO WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.

The object of the Apollo Workingmen's Club, a branch of Southwark Turn and Sonntagschul, is to advance its members in social, intellectual and physical welfare. Meetings take regular exercise in the gymnasium of the Verein every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Business meetings are held on the first Saturday evening of every month at the Southwark Turn Halle, 1127-33 Wharton Street. The officers for 1893-94 are: President, William G. Pownall; Vice-President, Abraham Jaggard; Secretary, James E. Morony; Assistant Secretary, Henry Blankenshaw; and Treasurer, Wm. Henry Lipsett. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at Southwark Turn Halle, 1127-33 Wharton Street, Philadelphia.

BALTIMORE DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The Society holds its meetings every alternate Wednesday in the basement of the Primitive Baptist Church, on Madison St., one door east of Calvert St. Its object is for improving the mental faculties of the deaf, and of cultivating a taste for literature, oratory and debate, and of exerting a beneficial influence by social intercourse. Lectures will be announced from time to time by the President. The officers are: J. A. Brantlick, President; W. McKinney, Vice-President; Miss Maggie Schuman, Secretary; R. E. Underwood, Treasurer; and Jas. H. Moore, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is No. 805 S. Paca St.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Kosuth Selig; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 222 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its objects the mutual improvement and social enjoyment of its members, and their friends in general. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West Fifth Street, every Saturday at eight o'clock P.M., excepting the business meeting, which is held on the fourth Saturday of each month. Ardine Rembeck is President, Wiltshire Oxley, Recording Secretary, and Mrs. Alfred A. Bierlein, Corresponding Secretary. All communications should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Alfred A. Bierlein, 38 Celestial Street, Cincinnati, O.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse, the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and a business meeting is held on the first and third Thursdays in each month. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, Samuel Frankheim, 45 Fulton Street, New York City.

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

The Fanwood Quad Club is an organization composed mainly of deaf journeymen printers and writers for the deaf press, in New York and vicinity, but it is not confined to these alone, and admits any deaf person, who has attained the age of discretion, and is of good character and intelligence. Its object is "to cultivate fraternal feelings, to promote the social relations, and to uphold and assist what is deemed helpful and beneficial to its members, as individuals, and to the deaf at large as a class." The officers for the ensuing year are: John F. O'Brien, President; Wm. C. Tuffe, Recording Secretary; Anthony Capelli, Secretary; Thos. F. Fox, Treasurer. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Station M, New York City.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the "Cambridge Society") holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's clergymen appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome to the literary exercises once a month. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1890 are: E. W. Frisbee, President; A. W. Orcutt, Vice-President; Albert S. Tuffe, Secretary; Frank B. Roberts, Treasurer, and Geo. A. Wise, Librarian. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, Cortes Street, Boston, care of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

GERMAN CHARITY SOCIETY.

Meets at Germania Hall, 46 Avenue A, between 3d & 4th Street, New York City. President, S. W. Schermer; Vice-President, J. Schermer; Recording Secretary, S. Nibler; Financial Secretary, E. Kollenbaum; Treasurer, Charles Haar. The Secretary's address is: 235 East 4th St., New York City.

GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral and welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows: Willie E. White, President, 128 Bowers St., Nashua; Mrs. Minnie Fish, Secretary, Nashua; Willie A. Deering, Treasurer, Pittsfield.

PASA-PAS CLUB.

The Pasa-Pas Club, incorporated in 1891, under the statutes of Illinois, for the social and literary culture of its members, transacts business on the first Saturday evening of each month.

The Pasa-Pas Hall, on the south-east corner of Clark and Randolph Streets, opposite Court House, is at the disposal of visitors to the city on the evening, and when not open access to the hall can be obtained through any member. Officers for ensuing year are: Geo. T. Dougherty, President; C. C. Codman, First Vice-President; J. J. Kleinman, Second Vice-President; G. H. Regensburg, Corresponding Secretary; F. P. Gibson, Recording Secretary; M. Sonnerborn, Treasurer; B. Frank, Librarian; J. Berger, Sergeant-at-Arms; G. B. Morton and G. E. Fraser, Trustees. Direct all communications to O. H. Regensburg, Corresponding Secretary, 3424 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MID-WESTERN MISSION.

Embracing the Dioceses of Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Western Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Quincy, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Fond du Lac and Milwaukee. General Missionary—Rev. A. W. Mann, 1221 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill. St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf, Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis. Rev. J. H. Cloud, Minister, in charge. All Angels' Church, the Deaf, Chicago. Rev. A. W. Mann in charge. Ephphatha Mission, St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich. St. Agnes Mission, Grace Church, Cleveland, Ohio. St. Margaret's Mission, Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. B. R. Allabough and Frank A. Leitner, Lay Readers. All Saints' Mission, Columbus, O. St. Mark's Mission, St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. St. Clement's Mission, Christ Church, Detroit, O. St. Alban's Mission, Christ Church, Indianapolis, Ind. St. Bede's Mission, St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Mich. Services are held at about forty places more. Those desiring the offices of the church in Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Communion, Ministry of the Word, Marriage, Burial, etc., are requested to address the Rev. Mr. Mann at the above-named address.

MUTUAL & CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

The purpose of the Society is principally social improvement, and to help the needy of our class. Meetings are held the first Wednesday of each month, at the Young Men Christian Association, cor. Boylston and Berkeley Sts. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. F. W. Bigelow; Vice-President, Miss P. M. Acheson; Treasurer, Mrs. L. A. Blanchard; Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Schuman; Librarian, Mrs. R. H. Barnard; Mrs. Thomas Wheeler. All communications to be addressed to Mrs. Adam Acheson, 2 Spruce St., Roslindale, Mass.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The organization of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club occurred in the month of April, 1892, and its purposes are principally of a social nature, being non-sectarian and independent in every respect, to cultivate the social and mental improvement of its members by timely lectures, and also by the aid of general literature, to guarantee to them all the pleasures that were deprived by the loss of their hearing, and to stimulate general harmony among themselves. It holds its regular meeting every second Thursday of each month, in Room No. 12, the 3d floor of the Empire Building, 919 Olive St. Every member has a key, and is at full liberty to use the room at any time. Strangers in the city should not forget that they are cordially invited to avail themselves of its opportunities. The officers are: W. H. Schaub, President; L. A. Fronia, Vice-President; J. J. Smith, Secretary; A. B. Diekmann, Treasurer; John A. Luke, Sergeant-at-Arms; Geo. D. Hunter, and J. E. Campbell, Trustees. Address all communications to the Secretary, care of the club, 919 Olive Street.

THE BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Saturday night, in Adelphi Hall, Adelphi Street, corner Myrtle Avenue, at 7:30 o'clock. Its object is to be both socially and intellectually. The officers of the Society are: Thomas Godfrey, President; A. McLaren, 1st Vice-President; J. B. Valles, 2d Vice-President; James S. Orr, Secretary; and H. A. Schenkburg, Treasurer; F. Eeka, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, James S. Orr, 140 Wierfield Street.

THE BROOKLYN GUILD.

The Guild of Christian Workers of St. David's Church is in No. 213 Wyckoff St. The meetings are held in the room of the St. David's Church—first Thursday of each month. The present officers are as follows: Rev. Anson T. Colt, Chaplain; W. G. Gilbert, President; Robert Kusk, Secretary; and A. J. McLaren, Treasurer. The Secretary's address is No. 154 Hope St., Brooklyn, E. D. Communications to be sent to the Secretary.

THE LOS ANGELES ASSOCIATION.

Services every Sunday, at 3 P.M., at the Guild Room of the St. Paul's Church, Olive Street, Los Angeles. Objects: 1. The holding of religious services in the sign-language. 2. The social and intellectual improvement of deaf-mutes. 3. Assisting them to obtain employment at their trades. 4. Visiting and aiding them in sickness. 5. Giving information and advice where needed. Officers: President, Norman V. Lewis; Vice-President, Alex. Houghton; Secretary-Treasurer and Missionary, Thos. Wild. N. B.—The post-office address of Mr. Thomas Wild is Station R, Los Angeles, Cal., to whom all communications should be addressed.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 15th St., near 6th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. Its officers are: Theodore A. Froehlich, President; Franklin Campbell, First Vice-President; Tison W. Haight, Second Vice-President; Max Miller, Secretary; Alex. Meisel, Treasurer; S. M. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. All correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary, 323 E. 82d Street, N. Y. City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by John E. Crane, Connecticut, President; G. W. Yankin, Maine, Vice-President; Harry Babbitt, Secretary, 48 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.; Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island, Treasurer.

THE KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Kansas City Deaf-Mute Literary and Debating Society hold their meetings every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., at the Christian Church, corner of Eleventh and Locust Streets. The object of the society is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are C. S. Minor, President; E. B. Sprague, Vice-President; John R. Laughlin, Secretary; Frank Laughlin, Treasurer. All strangers of good behavior are invited to attend. Address all communications to Frank Laughlin, 636 Euclid Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

THE NEW JERSEY LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening at 8 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street, Newark. The officers of the Association are: President, L. Brede; Vice-President, Wm. Caldwell; Secretary, J. D. Ward; Treasurer, Ella Bourfield; Sergeant-at-Arms, John P. Cotter.

THE SALEM SOCIETY.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies one room, No. 341 1-2 Essex Street. Divine services, every Sunday and prayer meeting, on every last Friday of the month. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. of the Society. The officers of the Society for 1891 are Samuel Cross, President; Mrs. P. S. Bowden, Secretary; Mrs. N. C. Cross, Treasurer; Mr. Wm. Bailey and Mr. E. W. Frisbee, Directors.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen are held, second and fourth Saturdays of each month. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are President, Harrison Burt; Vice-President, J. S. Kenney; Secretary, John Leo Connerton; Treasurer, J. C. Ritter, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Hiram Brown. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is Bascom Pattern Works, Troy, N. Y.

THE XAVIER DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

Rooms at 26 and 28 West Sixteenth Street, New York City, always open. Meetings are held on Thursday evenings, at 8 P.M. Officers: Thomas Tighe, President; James F. Donnelly, Vice-President; Henry P. Kane, Secretary; Thomas Grogan, Treasurer; Frank Hayden, Marshal. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at the Club House.

NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1892.

What sort of clothing do you want for yourself and boy? The cheapest you can buy, or the best? Why, bless you, yes, save all the money you can; but don't throw it away when you've got it. Buy clothing that will look right and wear a long time. Get it at the place where such clothing is kept—our stores. We make only the good sorts of clothing; so that we can say of it, send back what you don't like.

Our catalogue tells how you can buy from a distance. Free A. L. Thomas, a deaf-mute salesman, will be glad to show you our stock at the Prince Street store when you can conveniently call to look at clothing, hats or shoes.

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